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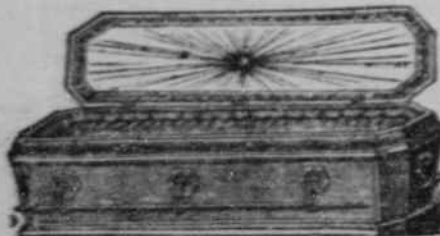
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thousands of dyspeptics have been
cured after everything else failed. It
is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

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TATTOOED WOMEN.

The Latest Fashion is to Have Butter-
flies, Snakes, Etc., Etched
on the Arm.

The craze for Japanese things has
so far affected some women with
much leisure time upon their hands
that they are having odd little de-
signs worked upon their arms and
shoulders in faint delicate tints. An
English dancer began this fashion
with a butterfly on her upper arm,
and it became a rage in London to
have some design of the sort done on
the flesh.

People who go to Japan have their
tattooing done by the native artists;
but it is done with equally good re-
sults in New York by an Irishman
who has a small shop on the Bowery
and has worked up a fashionable
trade in this odd pursuit that has
made him rich, says the Sun.

Old-fashioned tattooing was done
crudely with a needle, which often in-
flamed and irritated the skin. Now-
adays it is done with an electrical con-
ductance which etches a design finely
and painlessly. Colored inks are used,
and their use is a secret which the
Japanese artists have mastered to
perfection. There are books of won-
derful colored designs for tattooing
which one can choose from: birds,
beasts and reptiles. The snake is a
favorite with the tattooed, some of
whom have one represented as being
wound about the arm from the wrist
to the shoulder.

Women who go in for this fad
choose as a rule some small, dainty
and less terrifying pattern, butter-
flies being the popular fashion at
present. New York's tattooer visits
the houses of his fashionable patrons.
At hardly any hour of the day is he
disengaged, as a steady stream of less
fashionable customers throng his
shop for the purpose of having var-
ious designs of trade, religious sym-
bols, portraits, landscapes and names
sketched upon their arms in colored
inks.

HERMITS IN LARGE TOWNS.

Many Denizens of Our Big Cities Feel
Lonely and Talk to
Themselves.

A newspaper the other day record-
ed an anecdote about a prominent
western physician on his first visit
to New York, says the Commercial
Advertiser. His dinner companion
asked him what interested him most
in the streets of the city, and the
physician replied the fact that so
many persons were encountered who
were talking to themselves. He could
not explain the phenomenon to his
own satisfaction, and ventured the
opinion that it was because people
were so busy and carried their cares
about with them. At least he could
think of no other reason. Possibly it
is because a great city is such a soli-
tary place for many, and solitude, of
course, promotes self-communing.

Many a person here is more truly
a hermit, cut off by inclination or cir-
cumstance from his fellows, than
some recluses who live an ostenta-
tious life of isolation. They pass
their fellows on the street mutually
unknown. Many persons have no
friends; some have no desire to make
any; others, probably with a gregar-
ious instinct, are too diffident to
push an acquaintance. So they talk
to themselves as men in a desert
learn to talk to themselves. In a
smaller place acquaintances would
join a man out of the habit of talk-
ing to himself on the streets, but
here nobody cares.

STRANGE MEN IN BORNEO.

A Mountain Tribe That Was Un-
known to Europeans Till
Very Recently.

A strange tribe has just been dis-
covered in Borneo by Dr. A. W. Nieuwen-
huis, the distinguished Dutch explorer.
As he was traveling through the dis-
trict of Sarawak he heard from his
guides that at a little distance there
was a mountain tribe which no Eu-
ropean or American had ever visited,
and straightway he went thither, and
in a day or two found himself at the
headquarters of these unknown abori-
gines. At once he saw that they dif-
fered from all other natives of Borneo,
and he spent some weeks in acquaint-
ing himself with their curious cus-
toms and also in studying their coun-
try, which is entirely unknown to for-
eign travelers. In this way he accumu-
lated a mass of new material, which
he intends to give to the world at an
early date in the form of a book.

This is the second journey which Dr.
Nieuwenhuis has taken to central
Borneo. He first went there in 1895,
and explored the sources of the Kapuas
and Mahakkam rivers, after which
he returned to Europe, where he at
once obtained an appointment as di-
rector of the botanical garden at Bul-
tenzorg. In 1899 he went again to
Borneo, intending to thoroughly ex-
plore the interior of the country, and
it is claimed that in this task he has
succeeded better than any previous
traveler.

The portrait of King Edward VII.
on the new British coinage will show
his profile turning to the right. It is
a tradition that the head of the sov-
ereign should always turn in the re-
verse way from that of his predecessor.
Thus George III. looked to the right,
George IV. to the left, William IV.
to the right, and Queen Victoria
to the left.

Good Rocky Mountain Guide.
Christian Klucker, a Swiss guide in
the Rocky mountains, has a record of
2,000 mountain ascents without an ac-
cident to himself or his party.

THE ONE ABOVE ALL.

Dr. Talmage Sounds Praises of the
World's Redeemer.

He Puts Before Us the Portraits of
Some of His Great Disciples and
Exponents—The Glories
of Heaven.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)
Washington, April 25.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage
sounds the praises of the world's Re-
deemer and puts before us the por-
traits of some of His great disciples
and exponents; text, John 3, 31: "He
that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of
history steps out upon the platform.
The finger which, diamonded with
light, pointed down to Him from the
Bethlehem sky was only a ratification
of the finger of prophecy, the finger of
genealogy, the finger of chronology,
the finger of events—all five fingers
pointing in one direction. Christ is
the overtopping figure of all time. He
is the vox humana in all music, the
graceful line in all sculpture, the
most exquisite mingling of lights and
shades in all painting, the acme of all
climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled
grandeur and the peroration of all
splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of
24 letters, and when Christ compared
Himself to the first letter and the last
letter, the alpha and the omega, He
appropriated to Himself all the splen-
dors that you can spell out with those
two letters and all the letters between
them. "I am the alpha and the omega,
the beginning and the end, the first
and the last," or, if you prefer the
words of the text, "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all
Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the
glory of Christ would have to spread
its wings and descend a thousand
leagues to touch those summits.
Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly;
Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus
a high mountain, but mythology tells
us when the giants warred against the
gods they piled up these three moun-
tains and from the top of them pro-
posed to scale the heavens, but the
height was not great enough, and
there was a complete failure. And
after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul
prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael
and Michael Angelo, artistic
giants; cherubim and seraphim and
archangel, celestial giants—have failed
to climb to the top of Christ's glory
they may all well unite in the words
of the text and say: "He that cometh
from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else
in our preaching. There are so many
books on homiletics scattered
through the world that all laymen as
well as all clergymen have made up
their minds what sermons ought to
be. That sermon is most effectual
which most pointedly puts forth Christ
as the pardon of all sin and the cor-
rection of all evil, individual, social,
political, national. There is no reason
why we should ring the endless change
on a few phrases. There are those
who think that if an exhortation or
a discourse have frequent mention of
justification, sanctification, covenant
of works and covenant of grace that
therefore it must be profoundly evan-
gelical, while they are suspicious of
a discourse which presents the same
truth, but under different phraseol-
ogy. Now, I say there is nothing in
all the opulent realm of Anglo-Sax-
onism or all the word treasures that
we inherited from the Latin and the
Greek and the Indo-European but we
have a right to marshal it in religious
discussion. Christ sets the example.
His flowers, the spittle, the salve, the
barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt,
as well as from the seas and the stars,
and we do not propose in our Sunday
school teaching and in our pulpit ad-
dress to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said
in our day against words, as though
they were nothing. They may be
misused, but they have an imperial
power. They are the bridge between
soul and soul, between Almighty God
and the human race. What did God
write upon the tables of stone?
Words. What did Christ utter on
Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what
did Christ strike the spark for the
illumination of the universe? Out of
words. "Let there be light," and
light was. Of course, thought is the
cargo, and words are only the ship,
but how fast would your cargo go on
without the ship? What you need,
my friends, in all your work, in your
Sunday school class, in your reform-
atory institutions, and what we all
need is to enlarge our vocabulary
when we come to speak about God
and Christ and Heaven. We ride a
few old words to death when there
is such an illimitable resource.
Shakespeare employed 15,000 differ-
ent words for dramatic purposes, Mil-
ton employed 8,000 different words
for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate
employed over 11,000 different words
for legal purposes, but the most of
us have less than 1,000 words that we
can manage, less than 500, and that
makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love
of Christ, we are going to take the
tenderest phraseology wherever we
find it, and if it has never been used
in that direction before all the more
shall we use it. When we come to
speak of the glory of Christ, the con-
queror, we are going to draw our
similes from triumphal arch and ora-
torio and everything grand and stu-
pendous. The French navy have 18
flags by which they give signal, but
those 18 flags they can put into 55,000
different combinations. And I have
to tell you that these standards of
the cross may be lifted into combina-
tions infinite and varieties everlast-
ing. And let me say to young men
who are after awhile going to preach

Jesus Christ, you will have the large-
est liberty and unlimited resource.
You only have to present Christ in
your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ
in the severest argument ever penned,
and John Bunyan preached Christ in
the sublimest allegory ever composed.
Edward Payson, sick and exhausted,
leaned up against the side of the pul-
pit and wept out his discourse, while
George Whitefield, with the manner
and the voice and the start of an ac-
tor, overwhelmed his auditory. It
would have been a different thing if
Jonathan Edwards had tried to write
and dream about the pilgrim's pro-
gress to the celestial city or John Bun-
yan had attempted an essay on the
human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher
than the fountains, deeper than the
seas, are these Gospel themes. Song
has no melody, flowers have no sweet-
ness, sunset sky has no color, com-
pared with these glorious themes.
These harvests of grace spring up
quicker than we can sickle them.
Kindling pulpits with their fire and
producing revolutions with their
power, lighting up dying beds with
their glory, they are the sweetest
thought for the poet, and they are
the most thrilling illustration for the
orator, and they offer the most in-
tense scene for the artist, and they
are to the ambassador of the sky all
enthusiasm. Complete pardon for the
direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for
ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for
grimmiest death. Grandest resurrec-
tion for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what
a Gospel to preach! Christ over all
in it. His birth, His suffering, His
miracles, His parables, His sweat, His
tears, His blood, His atonement, His
intercession—what glorious themes!
Do we exercise faith. Christ is its
object. Do we have love? It fastens
on Jesus. Have we a fondness for
the church? It is because Christ died
for it. Have we a hope of Heaven?
It is because Jesus went ahead, the
herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was
so costly, so beautiful, that after he
had put it off no one ever dared put
it on, but this robe of Christ, richer
than that, the poorest and the wan-
est and the worst may wear.
"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Mar-
tin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my
sins!" The fact is that the brawny
German student had found a Latin
Bible that had made him quake, and
nothing else ever did make him
quake, and when he found how
through Christ he was pardoned and
saved he wrote to a friend saying:
"Come over and join us, great and
awful sinners saved by the grace of
God. You seem to be only a slender
sinner, and you don't much extol the
mercy of God, but we who have been
such very awful sinners praise His
grace the more now that we have
been redeemed." Can it be that you
are so desperately egotistical that
you feel yourself in first-rate spiri-
tual trim and that from the root of
the hair to the tip of the toe you are
scarless and immaculate? What you
need is a looking glass, and here it
is in the Bible. Poor and wretched
and miserable and blind and naked
from the crown of the head to the
sole of the foot, full of wounds and
putrefying sores. No health in us.
And then take the fact that Christ
gathered up all the notes against us
and paid them and then offered us
the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our
sorrows! We are independent of cir-
cumstances if we have His grace.
Why, He made Paul sing in the dun-
geon, and under that grace St. John
from desolate Patmos heard the blast
of the apocalyptic trumpets. After
all other candles have been snuffed
out this is the light that gets bright-
er and brighter unto the perfect day,
and after under the hard hoofs of
calamity all the pools of worldly en-
joyment have been trampled into
deep mire at the foot of the eternal
rock the Christian, from cups of
granite, lily rimmed and vine covered,
puts out the thirst of his soul.

A thousand feet underground, by
light of torch toiling in a miner's
shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon
us, and we may die a miner's death.
Far out at sea, falling from the slip-
pery ratlines and broken on the hal-
yards, we may die a sailor's death.
On mission of mercy in hospital amid
broken bones and reeking leprosy
and raging fevers we may die a phi-
lanthropist's death. On the field of
battle, serving our God and our coun-
try, slugs through the heart, the gun-
carriage may roll over us, and we
may die a patriot's death. But after
all there are only two styles of de-
parture, the death of the righteous
and of the wicked, and we all want to
die the former.

God grant that when that hour
comes you may be at home! You
want the hand of your kindred in
your hand. You want your children
to surround you. You want the light
on your pillow from eyes that have
long reflected your love. You want
curious strangers standing around
watching you. You want your kin-
dred from afar to hear your last
prayer. I think that is the wish of
all of us. But is that all? Can earth-
ly friends hold us when the billows
of death come up to the girdle? Can
human voice charm open Heaven's
gate? Can human hands pilot us
through the narrow of death into
Heaven's harbor? Can an earthly
friendship shield us from the arrows
of death and in the hour when Satan
shall practice upon us his infernal
archery? No, no! Alas, poor soul,
if that is all! Better die in the wil-
derness, far from tree shadow and
far from fountain, alone, vultures
circling through the air waiting for
our body, unknown to men, and to
have no burial, if only Christ would
say through the solitudes: "I will
never leave thee. I will never forsake
thee." From that pillow of stone a

ladder would soar heavenward, an-
gels coming and going, and across the
solitude and the barrenness would
come the sweet notes of heavenly
minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying
in the door of a heathen temple, said:
"Glory to Thee, O God!" What did
dying Wilberforce say to his wife?
"Come and sit beside me and let us
talk of Heaven. I never knew what
happiness was until I found Christ."
What did dying Hannah More say?
"To go to Heaven, think what that
is! To go to Christ, who died that I
might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh,
what a glorious thing it is to die!
Oh, the love of Christ, the love of
Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the
great hymnwriter, say in his last
hour? "Who can measure the depth
of the third Heaven? Oh, the sun-
shine that fills my soul! I shall soon
be gone, for surely no one can live
here after such glories as God has
manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say?
"I can as easily die as close my eyes
or turn my head in sleep. Before a
few hours have passed I shall stand
on Mount Zion with the one hun-
dred and forty-four thousand and
with the just men made perfect,
and we shall ascribe riches and honor
and glory and majesty and dominion
unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Tay-
lor, condemned to burn at the stake,
on his way thither broke away from
the guardsmen and went bounding
and leaping and jumping toward the
fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die
for Him. Sir Charles Hare in his
last moment had such rapturous vi-
sion that he cried: "Upward, upward,
upward!" And so great was the peace
of one of Christ's disciples that he
put his fingers upon the pulse in his
wrist and counted it and observed
its halting beats until his life had
ended here to begin in Heaven. But
grandest than that was the testimony
of the wornout missionary, when in
the Manantine dungeon he cried: "I
am now ready to be offered, and the
time of my departure is at hand. I
have fought the good fight, I have
finished my course, I have kept the
faith. Henceforward there is laid up
for me a crown of righteousness,
which the Lord, the righteous Judge,
will give me in that day, and not to
me only, but to all them that love
His appearing!" Do you not see that
Christ is above all in dying allevia-
tions?

Toward the last hour of our earth-
ly residence we are speeding. When
I see the spring blossoms scattered,
I say: "Another season gone for-
ever." When I close the Bible on
Sabbath night, I say: "Another Sab-
bath departed." When I bury a
friend, I say: "Another earthly at-
traction gone forever." What nimble
feet the years have! The roebucks
and the lightnings run not so fast.
From decade to decade, from sky to
sky, they go at a bound. There is
a place for us, whether marked or
not, where you and I will sleep the
last sleep, and the men are now living
who will, with solemn tread, carry
us to our resting place. Brighter
than a banquet hall through which
the light feet of the dancers go up
and down to the sound of trumpeters
will be the sepulcher through whose
rifts the holy light of Heaven
streameth. God will watch you. He
will send His angels to guard your
slumbering ground until, at Christ's
behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all in Heaven.
The Bible distinctly says that Christ is
the chief theme of the Celestial ascrip-
tion, all the thrones facing his throne,
all the palms waved before his face,
all the crowns dand at his feet. Cheru-
bim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim,
redeemed spirit to redeemed
spirit shall recite the Saviour's earth-
ly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of Heaven,
and in all the radiant sweep the most
glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads
gazing first, afterward breaking forth
into acclamation. The martyrs, all
the purer for the flame through which
they passed, will say: "This is Jesus,
for whom we died." The apostles, all
the happier for the ship wreck and the
scouring through which they went,
will say: "This is the Jesus whom we
preached at Corinth and in Cappa-
docia and at Antioch and at Jerusa-
lem." Little children clad in white will
say: "This is the Jesus who took us in
His arms and blessed us, and when the
storms of the world were too cold and
loud brought us into this beautiful
place." The multitudes of the bereft
will say: "This is the Jesus who com-
forted us when our heart broke." Many
who had wandered clear off from
God and plunged into vagabondism,
but were saved by grace, will say:
"This is Jesus who pardoned us. We
were lost on the mountains, and he
brought us home. We were guilty, and
He made us white as snow. Mercy
boundless, grace unparalleled." And
then, after each one has recited his pe-
culiar deliverances and peculiar
mercies, recited them as by solo, all the
voices will come together in a great
chorus which shall make the arches re-
echo with the eternal reverberation
of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to
the Holy Land that when he was about
to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to
have his heart after his decease taken
and deposited in the Holy Land, and
his request was complied with. But
there are hundreds to-day whose
hearts are already in the holy land of
Heaven. Where your treasures are,
there are your hearts also. John Bun-
yan, of whom I spoke at the opening
of the discourse, caught a glimpse of
that place, and in his quaint way he
said: "And I heard in my dream, and
lo, the bells of the city rang again for
joy, and as they opened the gates to
let in the men I looked in after them,
and, lo, the city shone like the sun,
and there were streets of gold, and
men walked on them, harps in their
hands to sing praises with all, and
after that they shut up the gates,